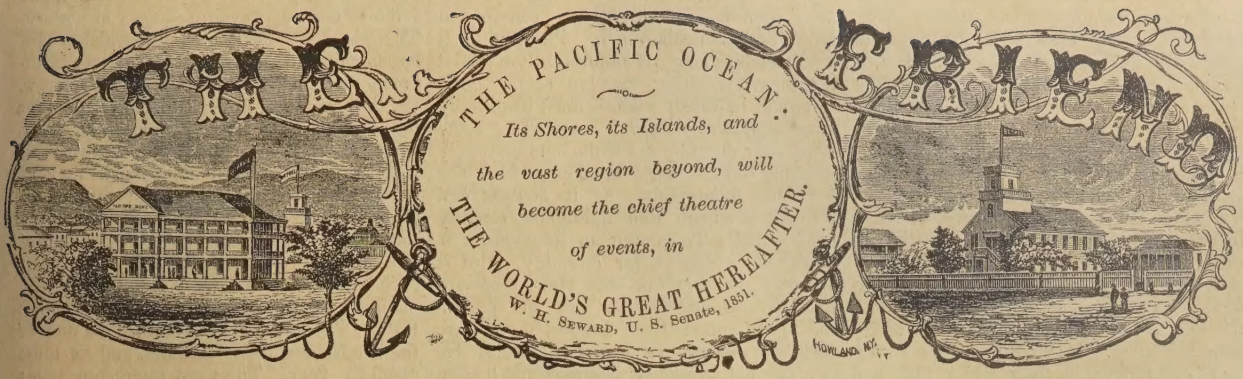
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theatre of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER.
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, No. 4, Vol. 29.} HONOLULU, APRIL 1, 1880. {Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

APRIL 1, 1880.

☞ Spiritualism has been brought again into prominence before the public by this season's Monday Lectures of Rev. Joseph Cook. He does not appear to have originated any more satisfactory explanation of the phenomena that have been described than others who have preceded him in this field of investigation. He admits, more distinctly than some others have done, a possible unknown force as at work in producing the various phenomena of table-tipping, lifting, rapping. But like those of his predecessors who have retained their good sense while trying to find out what is the modicum of truth in the midst of a mess of trickery, superstition, inaccuracies and credulity, he does not acknowledge departed spirits of deceased friends or notabilities as originating these curious phenomena. Rev. Mr. Frear preached on this topic in Fort Street Church one Sunday last month. He took the ground that it was diabolism rather than spiritism which was to be feared. He regarded as a species of blasphemy the overweening curiosity which prompts some people to open doors because they are shut, so far as this whole connected series of phenomena and beliefs may be regarded as an attempt to pry into the mysteries of the unseen and the future, which Almighty Wisdom and Love have not disclosed to human weakness.

☞ Elder J. G. Hook has been a sufferer from lung and head troubles since his arrival here, but is now hoping to rejoice soon in complete recovery of health and strength.

☞ The arrival of the "Morning Star" so early in the season has given opportunity for very thorough repairs. A new foremast has been put in, and almost entirely new rigging. Some alterations are to be made in the forward cabins, so as better to accommodate the Hawaiian passengers. The changes made last year were great improvements on the old arrangements for the ship's crew. Orders have been received to fit her out for a ten months' voyage, but it is doubtful whether her voyage will extend next year beyond Ruk (or Truk, as the natives would appear to call it). Capt. Bray surveyed some part of this large lagoon, and found many entrances where the charts were marked as barrier reefs without openings.

☞ Punahou School closed last Tuesday for the Easter holidays, if so churchly a term can properly be applied to its short recess. We understand that so far only one of the assistant instructors has consented to remain. Dr. Wood, formerly of Honolulu, now of Jamaica Plain, has shown his appreciation of the importance of this institution by sending on a donation of $1,000 to its corporate funds. We hope that others, old patrons or alumni of Oahu College, will remember its needs and help it now to take the new start it needs to meet the increasing demand in this community for a school of high order on a popular basis.

☞ The new Library Association numbers already over 1,100 volumes on its shelves. It has recently put up shelving that will accommodate 3,500 books. Any present residents of these Islands, or former residents still retaining an interest in the prosperity of this community, will do a kindly act to help forward this enterprise by a donation of books or money. Many a poor fellow will be kept out of trouble by finding open to him so pleasant a place of resort. Seamen are specially invited to avail themselves of the privileges of the Reading Room.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 39

Autumn Days in the Netherlands and Belgium—No. 4.

After one has become accustomed to long journeys by sea or land, there is something almost confusing in traveling in such a small country as Holland. You feel as if there is scarcely time to breathe between the different cities. You leave one depot to be whirled into another, and you must be on the alert to keep your impressions of different places from growing dim and uncertain. Holland is covered with a network of railroads, and swift-flying trains have taken the place of the old-fashioned canal boats, which enabled the traveler to leisurely watch the green meadows and picturesque landscapes which have here delighted artists for centuries.

Not to weary you with anything like a prolonged description of the different cities which lay along my route, I will just sketch briefly a few of the more interesting points as my memory recalls them. If I remember rightly, my last letter ended just as our steamer was nearing, in the waning twilight, the famous, valiant old town of Alkmaar, whose Cathedral towers rose dark and shadowy against the dull red of the evening sky. After the busy and crowded streets of Amsterdam, those of Alkmaar seemed peaceful indeed in the hush of the coming night. It is a singularly picturesque place—perhaps the most so I saw in Holland. Its especial historical importance arises from the brave defence made by its inhabitants against the Spanish in 1573. The old ramparts have been transformed into the most beautiful of promenades, shaded by trees of luxuriant growth, whose leaves, tinted by the early frosts, fell in a shower of gold with every passing breeze. It struck me as being one of the most delicious loitering places one could well desire. Here there were no famous museums to claim one's attention, and the time could be given to the outer world, of which the work of the most famous painter is but a reflex. Canals cut the town in every direction, shaded with trees grown sleepy and drowsy with the weight of the closing year, and dropping one by one likewise their bronzed leafage on the current beneath. The houses were as bright and clean as any housewife could

wish, and even at this late season balconies and windows were bright with flowers. The morning air was filled with the music of bells, which guided me to the Cathedral, a grey, antique affair, built long before the Spanish guns thundered about the city walls. In fact, there is such an ancient atmosphere about it that in some magical way it seems to transform whatever comes within its shadow. I half fancied I had stepped back into some long-vanished century. I found myself at first almost alone in the vast interior, with its lofty white arches and towering organ with painted front. Stately, awkward pews rose in impressive rows on each side and in front of the pulpit with its heavy sounding board. It seemed as if the worthies of other days, in their white ruffs and stiff black coats, would soon come in and open the ponderous leathern-covered Bibles, with their heavy clasps and dusty borders, which looked as if they had been closed for centuries. But while thus waiting, face after face rose into sight, whether from the past or present I scarcely know. Figures bowed with the years reverently entered and noiselessly took their places. Then came a tapping of many feet on the cold stone paving of the long aisles, and the most charming of processions appeared. First the girls from the orphan asylum, I think, just over the way, their round rosy faces bordered by the daintiest little white caps, which their grandmothers might have worn, and their shoulders covered with regular white capes, relieving the sombre blackness of their mourning dresses beneath. Then followed the boys with their masters. It was a picture which an old Dutch painter would have delighted in. It seemed as if it required all the solemnity of the place, the stately demureness of the straight-backed pews, and the ever-watchful eyes of the teachers to keep all this fresh young life in order, which was forced to content itself with twinkling in a score of roguish eyes, dimpling in red-stained cheeks, and smiling shyly out on row after row of childish lips. Then the organ notes pealed forth and the service began. Sometimes I ask myself if, after all, it wasn't a dream of old Holland I had under the white Cathedral arches in Alkmaar. The whole country in the neighborhood of Alkmaar, for miles around, is most interestingly historic. To the west was once the Castle Egmont, belonging to the family of that name, so famous in the history of the Netherlands. Crossing the long stretches of rich, low-lying meadow lands, you come to the grey sand "dunes" of the Dutch coast, near which many a hard-fought naval battle has taken place.

I enjoyed a little excursion by train to the far northern end of the Dutch peninsula, to see some of the enormous piers which have been erected here as a defence against the inroads of the stormy North Sea. It was a mild autumn afternoon; the grey morning mists had lifted like a curtain, and the sea murmured softly, crooning its old, old song. It is at this northern point, commanding the entrance to the Zuider Zee, that the Dutch Government has built great wharves and docks and erected important fortifications. But the principal interest of the region is the gigantic mole, which extends far along the coast, constructed of huge blocks of Norwegian granite, and from its huge proportions seeming to have been constructed rather by Titans than men. Pleasant as it is to wander along its summit in the genial sunshine, watching the lap of the quiet waters at its weedy base, it must be grandly more impressive to see it besieged on some November night by the white and savagely seething lines of huge breakers, which rise here like mountains. At its farthest end I found a superb iron lighthouse, recently constructed. To mount to its summit is work almost enough for one day. But it will pay you I think—the view landward and seaward, and the chat with the garrulous, good-humored old keeper, if you are fortunate enough to find him still there. He is a fine old specimen, as strong and true in his way, I fancy, as the granite mole which curves like a huge bow below. You see his father—years, years ago—went down in the cruel white foam just in front of the little fishing village he is pointing out to us, so that the son seems to have felt it as something like a duty laid upon him to rescue all who were in danger of sharing a similar fate. I could scarcely help envying this grey-haired, kind-eyed old man—not the medals and orders on his broad breast, but the memories of brave and gallant deeds which seem to encircle him like a halo. Just off the coast could be seen, now that the water was low, the tops of the masts of a steamer which went down here one dark night a year or two since. But no matter; the people, all that frightened, panic-stricken company, were saved. Our friend battled for their lives like a hero, God bless him! And now, in his old age, he still watches the grey sea with an eagle eye, and sweeps the horizon to watch the coming of some new gleaming sail or wreath of smoke. To his left lies the open sea; to his right the misty expanse of the Zuider Zee; not far away the island Texel, with its myriad sea-birds; to the south the fairest of Dutch landscapes.

What an old familiar sound there is in the names of the cities which now lie along our route—Harlem, Leyden, the Hague, Rotterdam, Delft. It may have been the Dutch blood in my veins, I scarcely know, but in some way or other I felt as if I were coming home again as these cities spoke their welcome to me.

Harlem is a charming city—a picture in itself. (If you want a quiet, delightful little inn, exquisitely neat and sweet and clean, but in no way stately and grand, do go to "De Gouden Leeuw," the Golden Lion.) Those terrible old Spaniards meet you everywhere in your travels in Holland. But what superbly brave men and women they found ready to face them and the Inquisition here at the North. The very bare recital of the brave history of Harlem stirs and moves one like martial music. You may remember that the city was besieged seven long, weary, dreadful months by Frederick of Toledo, son of the cruel Duke of Alba. You may recall some of the feats of glorious courage of the citizens,—how even the women, led by the valiant Kenan Hasselour, mounted the ramparts, and over the dead bodies of their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, fought for their homes, their children, their virtue. Let no one call their work in vain, even though they were forced at last to yield; those seven months make some of the most inspiring pages of history. Though those bloodthirsty Spaniards did butcher the Commandant, the soldiery, hundreds and hundreds of citizens, the clergy, yet they were not in the end the victors, but the vanquished a few years later, as every child knows. Strange, after this baptism of blood, this wild, almost demoniacal fury of struggling hosts, this season of famine, of siege, of murder, that the city ever could settle down to a golden age of peace and prosperity and grand art development; but such was the case. Here you see in the picture galleries the finest pictures of Franz Hals. The city itself is regarded as one of the handsomest of all Holland, and is most carefully kept. The most interesting point is naturally the great Square, where stands the Cathedral and many antique and picturesque buildings. On the Place is a fine bronze statue of Coster, whom the Dutch believe to have been the inventor of the art of printing. The Cathedral is rendered doubly interesting by the splendid organ, which was placed there in the last century, and was formerly regarded as the finest in the world. I chanced, fortunately for me, to be there at one of the organ concerts, which are given once or twice a week. Since listening to the wonderful music of the great Fribourg organ, in Switzerland, I think I have heard no organ music which has so moved me. It seemed to fill the great cathedral with hosts of melodious spirits, with the anthems of unseen angel choirs.

Recently, most interesting discoveries have been made in the Cathedral. Beneath the white stucco and wash on the pillars have been found rich and elaborate paintings, and these are now being carefully restored. In one wall of the choir is an iron cannon-ball, which dashed through one of the high windows during the Spanish siege, and ever since then has been left in this peaceful resting place—a far better fate than it deserved.

In visiting Holland, one is struck by the great fondness of the Dutch for flowers. Their gardens are most beautiful, and nowhere more so than in and about Harlem. Here are some of the most famous flower establishments of the world, which furnish Europe, and even America, with bulbs and seeds. In fact, flower-culture and production are here carried on on a scale which is something perfectly surprising to one visiting these great gardens. Here you see not simply beds of flowers, but fields of hyacinths, of lilies, of pinks, of tulips. Late as it was in the season, there were still brilliant autumn flowers in bloom, some of rare and choice varieties. One of these flower firms, that of Krelage & Son, publishes yearly an immense catalogue of their plants. They count their varieties by hundreds, perhaps thousands. The "Tulip Mania" of Holland, in 1636 and 1637, was a most singular matter. Rare and especially beautiful varieties of tulips were bought for fabulous prices. Some of the prices are astonishing. A "Viceroy" (white with purple veining) was sold for 4,200 florins, another for 3,000 florins; an "Admiral Liefkins" for 1,015 florins; a "Bellaart" for 1,520 florins, etc. Still higher prices were

given for certain varieties which were sold on the Exchange, the bulbs to be delivered on a certain day. Speculation ran so high that a "Semper Augustus" ran up to 13,000, an "Admiral Liefkins" to 4,500 florins. In one Dutch city ten million tulip bulbs were sold, and in Amsterdam some one made 68,000 florins in four months in this business. But all of a sudden came a crash, and a "Semper Augustus" could be bought for 50 florins! In the following year there was a somewhat similar mania for hyacinths. Any one especially caring for flowers would find a certain interest in looking this matter up; there has been much written on the subject. It is not only in the gardens of Holland that your eyes are delighted with flowers, but among the chief treasures of the numerous and valuable picture galleries are most beautiful flower and fruit pieces. In fact, in this line of painting the Dutch have been the teachers of the world.

The surroundings of Harlem are famed for their beauty. Wherever you go you are met by blossoming gardens, by fine parks and handsome country houses. I enjoyed not a little one afternoon's excursion out to the village of Bloemendaal. My seat was high up on the box of the stage, with the driver, whose musical horn gave the signal for leaving. From my high vantage ground I had an admirable opportunity of surveying the country. For miles the way was bordered by a succession of fine residences, some of them half hidden among the grouping trees, or open to the sunlight and fronted by brilliant parterres of autumn flowers and ornamental shrubs sloping down to the roadside. Comfort, wealth and taste were everywhere evident. After the stage dropped me, far out in the country, I started on a voyage of discovery for the ruins of the old castle of Count Budewde, one of the old cavaliers who made so much noise towards the beginning of the mighty contest which held this country in its grasp so long. It was indeed a voyage of discovery, through leafy country lanes, down shadowy windings of a somewhat uncertain road, but at the end of them all I found the old castle. It is a most picturesque affair in its ruin and age. The walls are still in some places massive and strong, and the heavy arches of the foundations show that it was built for days of storm and siege There are one or two narrow little winding stairways by which you can mount up to where the old tower once stood. I was charmed and delighted with the peacefulness of the scene. I was, as it were, in possession of the ruin. The grey-haired old gate-keeper was far below, under the willows by the moat. The sky was softly grey. The air was so still, so hushed, that it was almost a relief to hear the musical tinkle of the bells of the sleek cattle in the meadows below. The great walls, shattered, maimed, wrecked by time and disuse, the rooms and halls opened to the sky, lost something of their gauntness, their naked poverty under the festooning and mantling beauty of the luxuriant ivy, that good Samaritan to such reminders of the past, robbed of the treasures and glory of their youth. The moat water still surrounds the castle in its decay, but is tangled with reeds and grasses. I wonder would the once dashing Count Budewde recognise his old castle should he come back again?

In going on to the Hague we passed by Leiden, abounding in interesting historic memories, and to-day in many quaint buildings, interesting collections and picturesque views. But the chief delight of my visit here was to see the old tower in the center of the city, so old that really it is not known how old it is, but first definitely mentioned something like eight or nine hundred years ago. I climbed up on to its wall and looked out through the drooping branches of the trees surrounding it. Motley has a beautiful notice of this tower in his noble "Dutch Republic." It is almost buried away now under splendid masses of foliage, but one can still see the red-tiled roofs of the houses below. Sitting in this leafy covert, with the distant sounds of the city, the chiming of the bells, the murmur of the trees to keep me company, I thought of that long and weary watch kept from this tower to see if aid was coming to the assistance of the besieged. It was a brave and daring idea, that of William of Orange, to flood the low-lying meadow lands and to sail with friendly ships up to the very walls of the city! How the people must have rejoiced at this almost miraculous salvation! Our old tower seems still to cherish a quaint sort of joy now at the remembrance of this watery discomfiture of the haughty Spaniards.

The University of Leiden has been one of the most famous in all Europe. The story is that, as a reward for their bravery and endurance, the Prince of Orange gave the people their choice of exemption from taxes or a University, and they wisely chose the latter. It was founded in 1575. Some of the most famous professors of Europe taught here—Hugo Grotius, Descartes, Scaliger, and many others. The library is immensely valuable. Even to-day the Faculties of Medicine and Natural History enjoy a high reputation.

The Hague is the place of residence of the King, although the real capital of Holland is Amsterdam. It is a very bright, animated city. The new portions and suburbs of the city are extensive and elegantly laid out. Many of its ancient buildings are of great historical importance, and its Royal Picture Gallery is alone worth a visit to Holland. Near the capital, giving an opportunity for a delightful walk or drive, lies the fashionable watering-place Scheveningen. The way thither lies through the most beautiful forest, one of the most delightful places I have seen in all Europe. One may here at Scheveningen have the pleasure and advantages of a seaside resort—the bathing, the grand ocean view, the invigorating air—and is at the same time in easy reach of the capital, with its comfort and elegance and numerous art treasures.

It was with no little eager anticipation that I visited that sleepy, quiet town, Delft. After crossing the frontier, there was no place in Holland I so longed to see as this, where that great and good man, William the Silent, is buried. It is a queer little place—very, very Dutch. The streets are rough and paved with round stones. The canals are here and there filled with great flat-bottomed boats with brown sails. The houses, the people, the churches, look as if they belonged to some old picture. It was once famed for its porcelain ware, which took the name of the place, but very little is now manufactured here. In the "Nieuwe Kerk," the New Church, on the great market place, is the splendid and elaborate monument erected by all the United Provinces in 1621 to their fallen chief. It is an elaborate structure, a marble canopy over the reclining figure of the Prince. There are many symbolic and allegorical figures. I was touched to see at the base of the monument a wreath of immortelles from *South Africa!* The glory and beauty of such a life never dies. There is nothing more impressive about the monument than the carved motto, "Je maintiendrai piété et justice," and the Prince's motto, "Saevis tranquillus in undis" (Calm in the midst of fierce billows). Could any words have been more appropriately chosen? They give, as it were, in one grand picture, the noble life of this calm and undaunted hero and Christian! Crossing to another part of the city, in the noon sunshine, I found the house, now used for the garrison, where the Prince of Orange was assassinated. A crowd of fresh country recruits were loitering awkwardly about the gateway, and I prevailed upon one of them to show me the spot where his great countryman fell. You go over a little courtyard and then within a rather low doorway. The Prince was coming down the stairway accompanied by his suite The assassin, Balthasar Gerhard, from the side fired at him. Some of the marks of the shot are still to be seen in the wall. There was a certain strange sacredness to me about this spot where one of the greatest of great men fell, his dying thoughts being of the people he was leaving fatherless, and of the Divine Master to whom he was going, and whom he had served as so faithful and valiant a soldier here. If a young man wants to study a grand character, let him read the life of William the Silent, and if in reading his heart grows tender and his eye moist, his arm will grow stronger for all brave and manly and chivalrous deeds.

Rotterdam is a busy, bustling, driving place. It was the home of the learned Erasmus, whose monument stands on one of the public "Places" of the city. The story runs that the bronze figure turns over one of the pages in the ponderous tome he is reading when the huge bell of the neighboring cathedral strikes at midnight! The various harbors and canals are filled with shipping from all parts of the world. There comes to me now so vividly the memory of one rare sunset in Rotterdam. The red light lingered and lingered as if loth to die. The domes, the spires, the towers of the city rose into a glorious sky, as if spurning the mists and smoke of labor beneath. The thousand masts of the vessels grouped like the leafless trees of a forest in winter. The water gleamed like a fiery sea, then softened to tenderer tints, and then faded into the night.

It may be of interest to some to have stated something of the present condition of Holland. The country is divided into eleven provinces, and had, by the census of 1875, leaving out Luxemburg, a population of 3,809,527 souls. The country is in many respects in a prosperous condition, and as

far as it was possible for a stranger passing through the land to judge, the people are happy and contented. In 1830 Belgium was by the revolution of that year separated from Holland, and the country since then has enjoyed peace. The present King is sixty-three years of age; he has recently been married for the second time—this time to the young Princess Emma of Piedmont. His oldest son, the Prince of Orange, who for reasons of his own for the last years of his life seemed to prefer Paris to his native land, has recently died in that city. He has been succeeded by his brother Alexander, who is the present heir to the Dutch throne. Prince Alexander has recently published a pamphlet endeavoring to defend his brother's memory against the charges of lack of patriotism and unfaithfulness which have been brought against him. It still remains to be seen whether Prince Alexander will be successful as a sovereign. Holland possesses immense and important colonies. In the East Indies, Java (with the capital Batavia), Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes; in the West Indies, Surinam, St. Eustache and Curaçao, the united population being between twenty-four and twenty-five million souls. The King has seven Ministers, with a Council of fourteen members. There are two Chambers, "de Staten-Generaal." Holland has recently been passing through a ministerial crisis, that ever recurring feature of European politics.

We are leaving Holland, and in an hour or two are to pass over into Belgium. If we say good-bye, it is with the hope of seeing you again some day, dear, brave, picturesque little Holland! One leaves you with larger hope for life and its battle. Out of such a glorious past come myriads of voices inciting to effort, to courage, to hope. May the present catch the inspiration, and then we may indeed look forward to a radiant future.

F. WILLIAMS DAMON.

Berlin, January 27, 1880.

REV. F. VON SCHLUEMBACH, known now in many points as the German Moody, has been greatly blessed in his work in St. Louis. We take the following from *The St. Louis Association Bulletin:* The attendance at his afternoon Bible Reading has increased rapidly, while at night the largest church does not hold the Germans who come. On Sunday afternoons the Library Hall is also crowded.

☞ Since the departure of the Rev. Dr. Damon, Feb. 16, the Bethel pulpit has been occupied as follows. February 22d and 29th, by the Rev. Dr. Hyde; March 7th and 14th, by Prof. Jones of Punahou College; March 21st, by the Rev. Dr. Hyde; and March 28th, by the Rev. S. E. Bishop. Prof. Jones is expected to preach on Sabbath next.

As many as one thousand Testaments are sold in London on a single Saturday night from the Bible carriage of Mr. Henry Moorhouse, the evangelist. For two pence he sells a package which contains a New Testament and also some illustrated papers.

☞ The Chinese Christians have almost paid for the lot of land which they have purchased on Fort street, mauka of Beretania street, on the Waikiki side. They are expecting by the steamer now due from California a teacher of the Canton or Bun-ti dialect. Most of those residing here, however, are supposed to speak the Hongkong or Hak-kah dialect.

☞ Letters received from the Rev. Dr. Damon speak of a pleasant week spent in San Francisco and friends met there. He preached one Sunday for Rev. Dr. Stone, and was present at a meeting of the Congregational Club.

PLEASANT INCIDENT.—A Hawaiian woman, years ago, wandered away to California, but she does not forget the missionary work, but recently sent $20 to the Hawaiian Missionary Society. Her name is Kuee Kualawa, Verrion, Sutter co.

☞ Gen. Grant has ordered his Ethan Allen colt, now on the farm of Gen. Beale, near Washington, to be sent by the next steamer as a present to the Mikado of Japan.

DENMARK.—September 16 was the first anniversary of the first Association in that Kingdom. Capt. Kryper, who attended the Geneva Convention, is the founder.

NORWEGIAN.—There are eleven Association there; the first one was founded in 1868, and numbers now 300 members.

☞ Mr. C. Holland will find a letter for him, by applying at the FRIEND office.

☞ We learn that the native Hawaiian Theological Seminary of this city has recently received a donation of $500 from the Hon. W. Hyde, of Mass, and $50 from Miss S. R. Sage for books for the library.—*P. C. Advertiser, March* 13.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We have received a letter from Mrs. Marcella Nicholas, at Virginia City, Nevada, inquiring as to the whereabouts of one Mathew Nicholas, supposed to be in these Islands, and who will hear of something to his advantage by communicating as above.—*P. C. Advertiser, March* 13.

FIRE AT LAHAINALUNA.—At the High School for boys on the mountain back of Lahaina, on Wednesday night the 10th inst., the Chapel building was discovered to be on fire. When first seen the fire was so well under way that it was hopeless to try to save the building, but the teachers and scholars worked hard and successfully in saving the adjoining buildings. There are suspicions that the fire was the work of an incendary, but we have learned nothing positive so far. The property belongs to the Board of Education and the loss is estimated at about $5,000.—*P. C. A. Mar.* 20.

THE PACIFIC ISLANDS.—Sir Arthur Gordon, the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, has issued a series of regulations, prohibiting the supply of intoxicating liquors by British subjects to the natives of Tonga, Samoa, Rotumah and Savage Island, under a penalty not exceeding £10 or imprisonment not exceeding one month. Another regulation prohibits the selling of firearms or ammunition by British subjects to natives of Samoa. Still another prevents the sale of dynamite by British subjects to the natives of the following islands, or to any other natives of Polynesia resident in any such islands: The New Hebrides group, the Banks Islands, the Santa Cruz Islands, the Solomon Islands, New Britain, New Ireland, Duke of York Island, the Admiralty Islands, the Caroline Islands, the Louisiade Archipelago, and that part of New Guinea eastward of the 143d meridian of longitude; under a penalty of £10 or imprisonment not exceeding three months.—*P. C. A. Mar.* 20.

[From the P. C. Advertiser, Feb. 21.]

The Arrival of the Morning Star.

The missionary packet *Morning Star* arrived last Sunday afternoon from her ninth voyage to the Micronesian Islands, having been eight months on the cruise. The following is Capt. Bray's report:

Sailed from Honolulu, June 11th, 1879. First proceeded to the Gilbert Islands, and arrived June 26th. Took the missionaries and teachers from Tapiteuea, Apemama, Maiana, Tarawa, Apaiang and Marakei to Butaritari, where they remained eight days, and then returned to their respective islands.

Sailed from the Gilbert for the Marshall Group August 5th, and arrived at Ebon, the first of the group, Aug. 7th. Visited Namerik, Mille, Arno, Mejuro and Maloeap once, and Jaluij and Ebon twice. Sailed from Ebon for Kusae Sept. 28th, and arrived Oct. 4th.

Remained at Kusae twenty-eight days, and sailed for the Caroline Islands Nov. 1st. Nov. 3d stopped at Pingelap, Nov. 4th Mokil, and Nov. 5th arrived at Ponape. Remained ten days at Ponape, and sailed for Mortlock Islands. Nov. 19th, 20th, and 21st at Lukunor. From Nov. 22d to Dec. 1st at Sotoan and Etal; Dec. 1st at Namalouk; Dec. 2d, 3d, and 4th at Lasap and Nama Islands. Dec. 5th entered Ruk Lagoon for the first time, and anchored near Uman Island. Found three good passages in the east side of this reef, that do not seem to have been reported before. Found a large race of people in this lagoon, who seem to be mild and pleasant, and who received us very pleasantly. Established a mission station on the Island of Uman, and sailed on the return trip Dec. 8th, one hundred and seventy-nine days after leaving Honolulu.

Arrived at Ponape the second time Dec. 19th, and sailed again Dec. 27th. Stopped at Mokil Dec. 30th, and at Pingelap Dec. 31st; arrived at Kusae Jan. 9th, 1880, and sailed for Honolulu the same day.

Held a general meeting of the Gilbert Island missionaries. Took Rev. Messrs. Pease and Doane to visit and superintend the mission work on the islands occupied by missionaries and teachers in the Marshall group. Removed the head station of this group from Ebon to Kusaie, and established a training school at the latter place. Removed Rev. R. W. Logan and family from Ponape to Mortlocks to study and translate the Mortlock language.

Took Rev. Messrs. Sturgis and Doane to visit and superintend the mission work upon Pingelap, and all the islands west occupied by missionaries and teachers, and established a training school at Ponape for the benefit of those islands. Left Rev. E. T. Doane to take up his work again at Ponape, and brought Rev. A. A. Sturgis and Rev. D. Kanoho and family to Honolulu.

Sighted thirty-four different islands during the voyage, and stopped at twenty-six of them once and thirteen of them twice, making thirty-nine stopping places during the voyage. Entered nineteen lagoons and dropped anchor fifty-eight times. Have been at anchor one hundred and twenty-four days and sixteen hours of the voyage, and boated eighteen hundred and thirteen miles. Spent one hundred and thirty-six hours standing off-and-on at different islands. Have had one hundred and fourteen hours calm at sea, and seven hundred and sixty-nine miles adverse current. Transferred two hundred and fifty-one passengers from one island to another.

Dec. 28th, lat 8° 9', long. 158° 31', had a partial eclipse of the moon; Jan. 12th, lat. 11° 31', long. 160° 43', had a nearly total eclipse of the sun. Have sailed thirteen thousand one hundred and ninety-three miles. From lat. 30° N to 26° N we had NE winds and high seas; from thence to port had light southerly airs.

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ANNUAL INCOME..... ..... 8.000,000
CASH SURPLUS..... 7.000.000
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MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Mar 5—Am tern W L Beebee, Erschen, 17 days from Port Townsend.
6 Am bgtne John D Spreckles, Hansen, 10 days 13 hours from San Francisco.
7 Am tern Hera, Monson, from Kahului.
7 Am bk Rainier, Wulff, 17 days from Port Gamble.
7 Am wh bk Coral, Barker, 17 days from San Francisco.
10 Raiatea sch Vivid, English, 10 days from Fannings Island
Mar 14—Am sch Jessie Nickerson, Bonefield, 15 days from San Francisco
15—P M S S Australia, Cargill, fm Sydney & Auckland
KAHULUI, MAUI.
Mar 8—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, 12 days fm San Fran
11—Am sch Bonanza, Miller, 15 dys fm San Francisco
Mar 21—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, from San Francisco via Kahului
22—Am sch American Girl, Backus, 15 days from S F
23—Am bktne Emma Augusta, Young, 25 days from Utsalady
23—Brit bk Lady Lampson, Marston, 15 days from San Francisco
24—Am wh bk Abram Barker, Smitd, from cruise and Kealakekua
25—Am wh bgtne Tropic Bird, Jernegan, from cruise and Kealakekua, 180 bbls sperm
26—Am wh bk Progress, Lapham, from cruise and Kealakekua
27—P M SS City of Sydney, Dearbon, 6 days and 14 hours from San Francisco

DEPARTURES.

Mar 16—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco
16—Am bktne Grace Roberts. Ohlsen, for San Francisco
16—Am bktne Fremont, Nickerson, for San Francisco
18—Am bk Rainier, Wulff, for Port Gamble
19—Am ship Otago, Harding, Port Townsend.
Mar 9 Am schr W H Meyer, Jordan, for San Francisco.
10 wh bk Coral, Barker, cruise and north.
Mar 23—Am tern Hera, Monson, for San Francisco
24—Am bgtne J D Spreckels, Hansen, for San Francisco

MEMORANDA.

REPORT OF THE HERM. BRIG JOHN D. SPRECKLES.—The "John D. Spreckles" left San Francisco at noon, on the 24th of February, in company with the Schooner "Claus Spreckles" bound for Hilo. The first 12 hours had light adverse winds and calms; at midnight the Farralones bore W. S. W. 10 miles, from thence to port had moderate and variable winds. Arrived off Diamond Head at 1 A. M. March 6th, and hove to until daylight—10 days and 13 hours passage. Left in port the Schooner "Jessie Nickerson" to sail the next day for Honolulu.
HANSEN, Master.

San Francisco—Arrived Feb 25, Am bk J W Seaver, Melander, hence Feb 1.

Port Townsend—Arrived Feb 23, Am bktne Catherine Sudden, Ingalls, hence Feb 9.

Port Gamble—Arrived Feb 24, Am bk Arkwright, Newhall, hence Jan 29.

Victoria, B C—Arrived Feb 24, Brit bk Casma, Irving, hence Feb 2.

Hilo, Hawaii—Arrived Mar 5, Am schr Alice, 22 days from Port Blakely; Mar 6, Am schr Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, 10 days 13 hours from San Francisco.

Report of P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, Commander.—Sailed from San Francisco March 20th, at 1:50 p m. Up to March 22d, had strong NW winds and fine weather. March 23d, fresh SW breeze and head sea; and thence to port fresh NE and squally. Arrived at Honolulu March 27th, at 6:30 a m.—Time, 6 days and 14 hours.

San Francisco—Arrived: Feb 29, Brit bk Highflyer, Hawkins, hence Feb 6; Mar 3, Brit bk Norham Castle, hence Feb 10; Mar 7, Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, hence Feb 18; Mar 7, Am bktne Ella, Brown, hence Feb 17.

Port Gamble—Arrived: Mar 2, Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, hence Feb 8; Mar 2, Am bk Buena Vista, Calhoun, hence Feb 10.

REPORT OF SCHR CLAUS SPRECKELS, AT HILO MAR 6.—We passed due south of Farallones at 10 P M Feb 24, and our runs were as follows: 102, 248, 268, 190, 148, 155, 202, 278, 260, 240, 110 in 13 hours—a total of 2201 sea knots. I reported 10½ days, but was really 253 hours. We made Cape Leleiwi at 1 A M on the 6th, and worked on and off till daylight. Came to anchor about 8 A M. Had calms, or would have been earlier. When we saw Leleiwi it was half a mile off, and is about two miles from Hilo. Had moderate and light weather throughout.
EDWARD A. VON SCHMIDT, Master.

PASSENGERS.

For Royal Roads, B. C. per Hazard, Feb. 28—T Kelly, John Hansen, John Schuster, William Westley, Frank Wylond, C Holland.

For San Francisco, per Discovery, March 2—Mrs. Barton, Mr. Mann and wife, Mr. McCarty, J R Tillson, C Gorham.

From Port Townsend, per W. L. Beebee, March 5—J Brown.

From San Francisco, per John D Spreckels, March 6—John O'Connor, William Webster, Mrs E C Rowe, Mrs C R Carter, C H Carter, A P Williams, — Harvey, E Chamberlain.

Per Coral, March 8—John W Fischer.

For San Francisco, per W H Meyer, March 9—James McQuillan, T E Peiser, Arthur Peterson.

For Fanning's Island, per Vivid, March 11—John T Arundel and 3 natives.

From San Francisco, per Jessie Nickerson, March 15—L W A Ross, J P Goodwin, Capt C A Arey.

From Sydney, per Australia, March 15—O T Brigstock, W Marshall, Thomas Spencer, Eleanor S Spencer, and 119 passengers in transitu.

For San Francisco, per Grace Roberts, March 15—C V Mayhew and wife.

For San Francisco per Australia, March 16—Rev A A Sturges, Won Chu, R I Green, J Tavil, J F Arundel, C V Housman, J W Fisher, S C Bowley, G B Kelly and wife, J H Girvin, Capt A N Tripp and wife, J M Morton (U S Consul) and wife and children, S Sweet and wife, A Williams, F B Schaefer Mrs A Buckingham, Miss Belle Richardson, E Moor and wife, M Hyman, W L Hopper, Md Marie Louise, Mrs M McGrew and child, Rev J Kekela and son, E Hammer, A B Silveira, J Bailey, Mrs M L Williams and child, John Casey, D McInerny J P Shields, Wm Rose, Thomas Edmonds jr, Miss Thayer.

For San Francisco per Fremont, March 16—B Norton.

From San Francisco, per City of Sydney, Mar 27—J T Crosson and wife, William Hess jr, L C Onen, William Greig, R Louis, wife and 2 children, F de L Manderville, H W Wood, M Green, Miss M Wicke, Mrs Reinhardt and nurse, Jno Rogers, Geo W Stockley, Way Ging, J Anderson, Mrs King and child, M Ackerson and wife, Mrs Whitcorn and daughter, G T Brooks, E M Brewer, W M Barnes, E C Murray and son, Miss Babcock, Miss Hubbard, W F Babcock, H Luce, Dr Van der Steiner, C Hopke, A Hopke, F M Coppin, Claus Spreckels, wife, 2 children and nurse, Dr J T Danter, Mrs L F Thompson, son and maid, and 35 in steerage—in transit 11 cabin and 19 steerage. —F

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, March 23d H Cooper, B B Deming, R Corke, I Q Tewksbury, Wm Whittington, B Wiltard, Wm Bamber, Lawrence Johnston, and 3 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per American Girl, March 23d—L Buckner, and 2 Chinese.

For San Francisco, per John D Spreckels, March 24—J W Lampson, Mrs Overend, B F Luce, Fred Parr.

DIED.

COOKE—In this city, Feb. 4, of typhoid fever, MR. CLARENCE WARNER COOKE, aged 23 years and 11 months. To all, his family and friends, his death was sad and unexpected, but though taken away in youth and strength, he was prepared for the life that is beyond, that knows no death. He was educated at Punahou and Oberlin Colleges, and for nearly three years past was in the employ of Castle & Cooke, who had learned to appreciate his faithfulness and integrity, and formed high expectations of him in time to come. But "man deviseth his way, whilst the Lord directeth his steps." But six months ago, the widowed mother was called to mourn the loss of her eldest son, and now that of the youngest. He leaves a widow and an infant daughter of a few months old. The former is a neice of the Rev. H. Bingham, (Secretary of the Hawaiian Board) and grand daughter of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, one of the first missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. at these Islands.

BLACK—In this city, March 5, after a brief illness, ANNA KATE, aged 42 years and 27 days, wife of James H. Black, the proprietor of the P. C. Advertiser journal. She was a native of Paterson, N. J., and had resided here for the past 15 years.

FISHER—At the Queen's Hospital, in Honolulu, on the 5th of March, MOSES FISHER, (colored) a native of Vermont, aged about 50 years. He had resided on the Islands for the last 25 years.

KAILIWELA—At Palama, Honolulu, on the 14th of March, MRS. KAILIWELA, aged about 45 years.

BALDWIN—In this city, March 14, of congestion of the brain, NATHANIEL HEWITT BALDWIN, aged 6 years and 3 months, youngest child of D. D. and L. G. Baldwin.

"He will gather, he will gather
The gems for His Kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

"Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

"Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown."

ANDREWS—At Paw Paw, Michigan, LORRIN CLAUDIUS, son of Samuel C. and Emma M. Andrews, of Ann Arbor, aged eleven weeks.

MARRIED.

CLARK—WOOLSEY—In this city, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. H. H. Parker, Mr. D. W. CLARK to Miss MARY E. WOOLSEY, all of this city.

HOLT—DANIELS.—In this city, March 17, by the Rev Father Kockmann, Mr JOHN D HOLT, JR, of Honolulu, to Miss EMMA DANIELS, daughter of the late Judge W H Daniels, of Wailuku, Maui.

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EDITOR ABROAD—No. 1.

After a pleasant passage of eight days we arrived safely in San Francisco. Here we have spent nearly two weeks, and are making our preparations to start on our overland journey on the 8th of March. The winter months are reported as having been exceedingly rainy, cold and unpleasant; but we have been highly favored in having a clear sky and most charming weather. It has been pleasant to meet many old friends and acquaintances. The daily papers report much uneasiness and excitement consequent upon the adoption of the new Constitution and the anti Chinese agitation. It is asserted their combined result is depressing to business and driving capital out of the State for investment elsewhere to the amount of $30,000,000. It is believed that this agitation has about culminated, and reports come from Washington to the effect of a remodification of the Burlingame Treaty; but that the Chinese are to be driven out of the State and country no one believes for a moment, although there may be a limit to the numbers allowed to immigrate hither.

During our brief sojourn we have enjoyed the privilege of attending several churches and meeting many ministers of the Gospel, and among them several who have visited the Islands. Others express a desire to go, and probably Rev. Dr. Hemphill will go down in the May steamer.

On the Sabbath following our arrival, the funeral of Mrs. Green was attended, and the following notice of the same we copy from the *Hebrew* of March 3d:

"The funeral of the young Mrs. Green, the untimely death of whom in the Sandwich Islands we noticed in our last issue, took place Sunday last. Seldom has there been witnessed such a deepfelt sorrow as displayed by the many who came to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased lady. Among the mourners were the children (to whom the late Mrs. Green had been a voluntary, kind teacher) of the Synagogue Sherith Israel. The funeral sermon, delivered at the grave by Rev. Dr. Vidaver, was most eloquent, and deeply affected all present."

Our visit to Mills Seminary and Oakland was exceedingly pleasant. "The Island girls" form an important element in the school. On one evening while there, we listened to a most charming lecture on the "Reminiscences of Authors," by Mr. Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*. He discoursed most pleasantly about Hawthorne, Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Thoreau, Fanny Kemble, and others whom he had met and who had resided in Berkshire co., Mass. This lecture was delivered before the Bryant Literary Society of the Seminary.

On one occasion we visited the Sewing

School of girls gathered from among the lowest of the inhabitants of the city of San Francisco. We are happy to learn that there are many earnest Christian workers among the various churches of this city. They are doing a good and noble work. An old friend whom I knew in former years has been doing a good work among the lads of the city. He has induced some 3,000 to sign the following pledge ;

"God helping me, I will hereafter abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages. beer, wines, cider or tobacco. Nor will I indulge in profane swearing, stock-gambling, lying, stealing, adultery or slandering."

We could add much more about efforts now being made to reform the wayward and assist the needy. We heard the Rev. Dr. Noble preach an excellent sermon on the "Sins of the City," and he is to preach again upon the "Needs of the City."

Although we enjoy the making of new acquaintances and reviving old friendships, yet we do not forget those whom we have left in our Island home, who rejoiced with us in days of prosperity and so tenderly sympathized with us in our sorrow. May peace and prosperity ever attend them.

A Remarkable Indian Mission.

BY PROF. GEO. MOOAR, D. D., OAKLAND, CAL.

Attention has lately been called to the condition of the Indians in Alaska Territory. Ten years and more have gone since the United States took possession of the country. Not until within two years past was anything done for the moral, and very little for the political, welfare of the population. The Presbyterians have now in operation a religious and educational work at Port Wrangle. Mrs McFarland, who conducts it, deserves the warm recognition which she is beginning to receive. The number of Indian and Aleutian population in the territory is estimated at 30,000.

It is exceedingly interesting to note, in various reports which have been made by government officials, the warm praise accorded to an Indian mission and colony in Metlaketla, in the neighboring region of British Columbia. Some three years ago, while our American Deputy Collector was at Port Wrangle, a fleet of eight canoes hove in sight. It was certified that the canoes came from the British town, and were loaded with goods worth several thousand dollars, which were bought at this missionary town, and were on the way to the Alaska Indians for sale. A clear case of smuggling, thought the collector, and gave chase; but in vain. A smuggling missionary! That sounds rather unpleasant. But it is admitted that matters have been so loosely attended to there that free trade has never been regarded as a crime. On the same page which records the chagrin of the officer of our revenue, is paid the most decided compliment to the founder and leader of this Indian colony. The career and success of this missionary are full of interest and suggestion. Some twenty-five years ago, a gentleman was walking through the streets of Beverley in England. He heard a boy singing, whose fine voice arrested him. The boy was invited to the village choir. He won the esteem as well as the admiration of the community. Apprenticed to the leather business for a while, he became soon a sort of commercial traveler. But as often as he returned to Beverley on a visit, he was sure to be found in the Bible class and other religious services. One evening a missionary meeting was appointed. The weather was bad, and only six persons attended. Still, the gentleman who represented the church missionary society, and who had come to make an address, made it. He spoke principally to the young people. This sounded not a little queer to this hearer. for there was only one of the young people present, and that one was himself. After the meeting the young man had a conversation with the speaker. "Do you really think I ought to become a missionary?" "Have you felt any call to this line of service?" "It is at least the strongest desire in my heart." The result of that evening's service was, that this choir boy entered the mission seminary in Islington. It is worthy of mention that just at this time a merchant at Leeds offered him a position in his house. The salary was to be $1,500 the first year; $500 was to be added each year until the sum should be $5,000. Though he was regarded as well-nigh a fool for not accepting this offer, he preferred to enter on the preparation for the missionary work.

While William Duncan—this was his name—was studying at Islington, a Captain Prevost, who had been with a trading vessel to British Columbia, arrived home. The captain had seen the deplorable condition of the Indians, and urged the church missionary society to do something for them. But the society's hands were full. Money was not ready. No missionary could be found. Yet the captain was allowed to present the matter to the readers of the missionary journal; and some pecuniary encouragement was at once proffered. The captain offered a free passage, and so it was decided to send at least a teacher. The young Duncan was sounded on the subject. Would he go at ten day's notice? He went. It is now twenty-two years since he landed at the harbor of Victoria.

Five years were spent at Fort Simpson. It would take too much space to mention the difficulties under which this solitary youth labored in and about the fort and among the Indians. Suffice it to say, that he had one hundred and forty scholars in school, and in the year 1861 nineteen adults and four children received baptism. But the conditions were unfavorable to the highest success. Mr. Duncan revolved them in his mind for a long time. He laid out a plan for removal and the establishment of a colony twenty miles away to the southward. The following were the seven prohibitions: No sorcery; no heathen cures; no intoxicants; no games of chance; no painting or deforming of the body; no distribution of property out of an ostentatious spirit; no destruction or seizure of property in wrath. The following were the seven commandments: Sunday a day of rest; attendance on the services of religion; attendance by the children at school; a yearly contribution, in material or work, by every male; settlements of all controversies by arbitration or by law; the erection of neat and firm houses; the obligation to be clean, industrious, peaceable, orderly, absolutely honest and upright in business.

This plan was explained fully. The Indians saw that Duncan meant business. But they also thought that he did not know much about Indian character. Few supposed it possible to be carried out The 27th of May, 1862, was set for the departure. He did not know whether many would go or not. The Indians were sitting stolidly in their huts or on the shore, resting their heads on their knees. Mr. Duncan invited all who were ready to conform to the plan to take themselves to their canoes. No response for some time. At lengh two slowly made a move; others followed; nineteen canoes got off, forty-seven persons in them. But, by the sixth of June, other canoes came in so well laden that Metlaketla was already a colony of four hundred souls.

Seventeen years have gone by. The various industries have been established, sawmill, smithy, carpenter's shop, etc.; neat houses have been erected, each with its garden; a school with three grades instituted; the first house of worship has been succeeded by a fine Gothic church seating twelve hundred, costing $8,000; between seven and eight hundred Indians are enrolled in the church; cases of very marked transformation of characters are numerous; law is effectually administered; a prosperous trade has been carried on, which brings a large interior population under the influence of the colony; the village itself has some 2,000 inhabitants. Mr. Duncan acts, in the words of another, "in turns as minister, school-master, physician, builder, arbitrator, magistrate, trader, and teacher of various mechanic arts."

Have I overstated the matter in calling this a remarkable Indian mission? All along the northern coast, many Indians and white men are pointing to Metlaketla, and are asking if what man has done there cannot be done elsewhere. And are there no boys in the New England towns who will consider that there is scope for the very best and most various ability in the great field of missions?

NOT FORGOTTEN.—It is pleasant to be reminded occasionally that those who in former years have resided here and formed a part of our little Island community, still remember us with kindly feelings. Dr. R. W. Wood, who for a number of years resided in Honolulu and practised as a physician, and who now resides at Jamaica Plains, near Boston, Mass., has recently afforded us one of these pleasant reminders by liberal donations to several of our public institutions. These are—$1,000 for Oahu College; $500 for the Queen's Hospital; and $500 for the pastor of the Bethel Church.—*P. C. Advertiser, March* 13.

LOSS OF THE "TOKATEA."—The British bark *Tokatea*, sailed from Newcastle, N. S. W. Oct, 9, with a cargo of coal for Wilder & Co. of this city. From a letter received by Theo. H. Davies, Esq., H. B. M's Vice Consul, written by the first officer from Tahiti, we learn that the *Tokatea* struck on Vostok Island, on the 1st of December, and a couple of hours after stranding she commenced to fill, the crew being obliged to take to the boats. They shaped their course for Tahiti, where they arrived all safe (eighteen in number) on the 17th of December.—*P. C. Advertiser, March* 13.

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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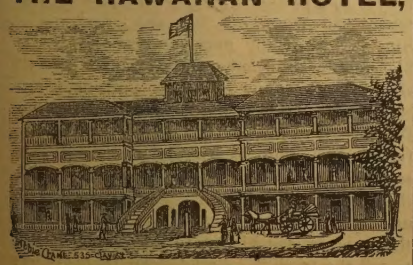

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Subscription Price, $3.00. Advertising Rates. Whole Page, $20.00; Half Page, $13.00; Quarter Page, $7.50. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher,

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And Sell Cheaper than any other House in the Kingdom.

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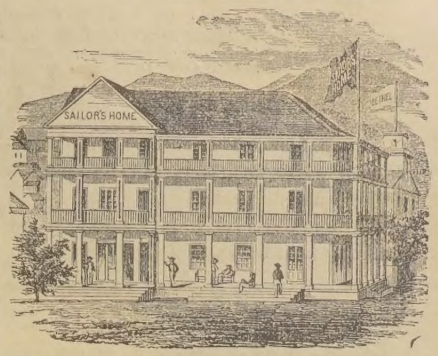

ED. DUNSCOMBE,

Honlulu, January 1, 1875. *Manager.*

CASTLE & COOKE

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

—AGENTS OF—

THE REGULAR PORTLAND LINE OF Packets, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company,
The Union Marine Insurance Company, San Francisco,
The Kohala Sugar Company,
The Haiku Sugar Company,
The Hamakua Sugar Company,
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TREGLOAN'S

—NEW—

Merchant Tailoring

ESTABLISHMENT,

Corner Fort and Hotel Streets.

I CALL THE ATTENTION of the Citizens of Oahu and the other Islands to the fact that I have OPENED a large

First-Class Establishment,

Where Gentlemen can find a

Well-selected Stock of Goods,

Chosen with great care, as to style, and adapted to this climate.

Having had an extensive experience in connection with some of the largest importing houses in New York and Philadelphia, I can assure my customers that they will not only secure the

Very Best Materials

but will also obtain at my place

The BEST FITTING GARMENTS

that can be turned out of any establishment in the Eastern cities.

English Hunting Pantaloons!

—AND—

LADIES' RIDING HABITS

MADE A SPECIALITY.

Children's Suits, in Eastern Styles.

W. TREGLOAN, Honolulu.

BISHOP & CO., BANKERS,

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DRAW EXCHANGE ON

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO,

— AND THEIR AGENTS IN —

New York,
Boston,
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Auckland,

THE ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LONDON,

— AND THEIR BRANCHES IN —

Hongkong,
Sydney, and
Melbourne.

And Transact a General Banking Business. ap19 79

Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.
Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe
Editor—Wm. A. Kinney, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.
Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.
Entertainment Committee—Wm O. Smith, T. H. Davies.
Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.
Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.
Committee of Early Meeting at Fort St. Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The next meeting of the Y. M. C. A. being our annual one, will be held at the residence of the President W. R. Castle, at the usual hour on Thursday the 22d of this month, when the election of officers for the ensuing year, reports of the past year's work and general sociability will be in order.

FROM THE HOSPITAL.—The Hospital Committee of our Y. M. C. A. reports that the sick at the Hospital lack greatly for interesting reading matter. In a convalescent state no one that has not learnt by hard experience knows how long and wearisome are the lagging hours. Nor do the experienced know what pleasure it is for the patient to hear, look at or read something new.

—In keeping with the Levitical law, the newspaper men might print a few extra copies of our local papers to be distributed promptly on the day of publication among the patients. It would be a case where giving doth not impoverish nor withholding make one rich.

THE POOR.—"The Poor of our City" as a subject of deliberation last meeting, opened up so much that it was continued over till our next business meeting for further discussion.

While we have few if any paupers among us, yet there are many deserving strangers, who from lack of employment but more usually through continued sickness are reduced to want and destitution, but withal too sensitive to "intrude" themselves upon others for relief. The limited means of societies formed to aid the needy are not equal to the increasing emergency and it is generally felt that legislation should assist. We lack not for precedent in taking such a course, for Moses the lawgiver over 3,000 years ago commanded that a part of the harvest should not be gathered but "*thou shalt leave them unto the poor and the stranger.*"

☞ The Young Men's Christian Association has lost one of its most promising members in the death of Clarence Cooke. The youngest son of Mr. A. F. Cooke, who was formerly the teacher of the Royal School, and afterwards one of the well-known firm of Castle & Cooke. Clarence was just beginning his business life in connection with that firm. Early devoting himself to the service of Christ, he had never faltered in his loyalty to his Divine Redeemer. Here, or while pursuing his preparatory studies at Oberlin, he was known and honored for his Christian fidelity. He had just completed the new house on the home lot, which with his young wife he had already begun to make the home of Christian hospitality as well as tasteful beauty. But God has taken him to a better home. His widowed wife and sorely bereaved mother have the sympathy of the whole community in a loss which all deplore as a personal grief.

A Honolulu Chinese Joss House.

As we see hundreds of Chinese thronging our thoroughfares day in and day out, a strange people of whose thoughts and hearts we can judge only by outward actions, having no general medium of speech, we have perhaps accustomed ourselves to think of them only as animated money making machines, forgetting that, belonging to the same great brotherhood of mankind, they necessarily have hearts to love and hate, sorrows, joys, and apprehensions of deity and the hereafter somewhat as we have. The reality of this however is brought home to us as we fall in with one of their Joss houses here in Honolulu and find their offering of food on the altar, incense burners and the attendant paraphernalia of such a worship together with an image in the rear frowning over all. There, reaching after the Unknown, they pray for good luck and protection from the ills of flesh and mind. On the opening day of the year, they consult the oracle, who foretells the good or ill that is to befall them in the unfolding year, etc., etc.

The Chinese Christian Colporteur in addressing these his countrymen can in truth say, Behold, "I shew unto you a more excellent way."

Children, and How to Speak to Them.

The hearty ringing laugh of a child is sweet music to the ear. There are three most joyous sounds in nature—the hum of a bee, the purr of a cat and the laugh of a child. They tell of peace, of happiness and of contentment, and make one for a while forget that there is so much misery in the world. A man who dislikes children is unnatural, he has no "milk of human kindness" in him. Give me for a friend a man

> "Who takes the children on his knees,
> And winds their curls about his hand."
> —*Tennyson.*

If a child be peevish, and apparently in good health, speak gently to him. A child's troubles are soon over—his tears are soon dried; "nothing dries sooner than a tear"—if not prolonged by improper management:

> "The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
> Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
> When next the summer breeze comes by
> And waves the bush, the flower is dry."
> —*Scott.*

Never allow a child to be teased; it spoils his temper. If he is in a cross humor take no notice of it, but direct his attention to some pleasing object. This may be done without spoiling him. Do not combat bad temper with bad temper—noise with noise. Be firm, be kind, be gentle, be loving, speak quietly, smile tenderly and embrace him fondly, but insist upon implicit obedience, and you will have, with God's blessing, a happy child. Pleasant words ought always to be spoken to a child; there must be neither snarling, nor growling, nor snubbing nor contention towards him. If there be, it will ruin his temper and disposition, and will make him hard and harsh, morose and disagreeable. Do not always be telling your child how wicked he is; what a naughty boy he is; that God will never love him, and all the rest of such twaddle and blatant inanity. Do not, in point of fact, bully him, as many poor fellows are bullied. It will ruin him if you do; it will make him in after years either a coward or a tyrant. Such conversation, like constant droppings of water, will make an impression, and will cause him to feel that it is of no use to try to be good, that he is hopelessly wicked. Instead of such language, give him confidence in himself; rather find out his good points and dwell upon them; praise him where and whenever you can; and make him feel that, by perseverance and God's blessing, he will make a good man. Speak truthfully to your child; if you once deceive him, he will not believe you for the future. Not only so, but if you are truthful yourself you are likely to make him truthful—like begets like. There is something beautiful in truth. A lying child is an abomination. Sir Walter Scott says that "he taught his son to ride, to shoot and to tell the truth." Archdeacon Hare asserts "that Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine of Honor."—*Schenectady paper.*